

Good Morning \$99

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

HELLO, CHATHAM!

Ron Richards' Shop Talk

RON RICHARDS this week just about five minutes to arrange with his landlady to find us accommodation for the night. porter Derek Heberton to talk shop.

Ever spent an evening in Chatham? With "Fuse" Wilson I travelled down to that part of the country to call on a dozen or more homes.

I expect many of you at one time or the other have visited the Royal Hippodrome to see a variety show or revue, but the week we chose to call the featured attraction was "Don Ross's Circus." It was a long time since I had seen a circus, and I must admit I rather enjoyed what I saw of the show, though as far as "Fuse" was concerned it was just another job.

More in his line was the pantomime "Cinderella" at the Empire, and here he was in his element, for where there is a pantomime there are always pretty girls, and where there are pretty girls there are usually photographs.

By the time the show was over at the Empire it was half-past eight, so, not worrying about where we could spend the night, we made our way to the "Prince of Wales," where we found eight thirsty submariners awaiting our arrival.

Introductions followed, and after a couple of rounds everyone was in a talkative mood. Senior Officer of the party was C.P.O. Fred Flack.

We told them a sad tale of our search for beds, and we were soon saved from all our worries. A.B. Ronnie Hill took

WHEN Wilson got out some back numbers of "Good Morning," which the fellows hadn't seen, the party began to get a bit more matey, and when some of our best pin-up girls came out they were soon in demand. I noticed A.B. Tom King well in the fore of those studying the pin-ups, which was really quite surprising, for Tom professes to know all about girls. At least, that's his line.

A.B. Eddie Murray, whom I met at the "Prince of Wales," struck me as being rather shy, but I soon changed my mind when I saw him back at his billet. Anyway, when I first met Eddie, with his rich North-country accent, he certainly did appear rather on the quiet side, though I can't say the same of A.B. Tommy Hewitt, who made no secret of the fact that he appreciated the beauty of a good pin-up.

We got out more pin-ups, ordered more beer, and everything went with a swing. L.S. Ray Owens, A.B. Georgie Goatcher and P.O. Frank Bell didn't do much talking, but wasn't it Arthur Askey who used to say, "It's not the people who make the most noise who drink the most beer," or words to that effect!

Tommy Hewitt made my stomach turn with his tale of New Year's Eve adventures. It appears that he and some of the other fellows started off with a pint glass of beer each. They drank part of the way down the glasses and filled them up again with French wine, repeating the process over and over again. "You ought to have been with us," said Tommy. But, believe me, I'm glad I wasn't; why, even Richards shook when I told him.

WE left them at the "Prince," still burying their heads in pint glasses, and made our way to the "Globe," reputed to be another of the places where submariners gather. We couldn't find any evidence of submariners having been there, so we went to a place that many of you will know. Yes, No. 26, the Paddock, is an address which will probably be remembered by a good few of you as a stopping-place when you have spent the night in Chatham.

Here we found jovial Mrs. R. E. Black, "Chieffe," to many of you, presiding over a noisy family of submariners. At that time she had six of them staying with her, but when we got in only three of them were up. Tom King, Jordie Murray and Bunce Owens were still feeling their high spirits at the expense of Jean and Jackie, and it was then that I found that Eddie Murray wasn't such a shy fellow as he seemed. He and Jackie will know what I mean if nobody else does.

There was a lot of wisecracking at the expense of Pusser Hill, still out with his girl friend, they told us, and there was a rude reception for Bunce Owens when he tried to get Tommy Hewitt and Georgie Goatcher out of bed to have their photograph taken. Bunce says they swore at him and then went back to sleep; but we again met the rest of them in the morning, after Bunce had gone off on duty.

KNOWING that a lot of submariners had stayed at No. 26 at one time or the other, I caught Jean at breakfast the



"Chieffe" knows her bottles, when it's a case of curing a slight touch of the morning after the night before. The hospital's address is 26 The Paddock, Chatham, Kent.

next morning, and found out from her a bit about the family. Besides Mrs. Black, there are the two girls, Jean and Jackie, and the two boys, John and George. If Bogey Knight reads this, he will know that Jean still remembers the nights when he used to get so drunk he couldn't let himself in the front door, and in case Dinky Didsbury is around I might add that next time you're at No. 26, the girls will be keeping their eyes on their spare clothes. They don't want you dressing up in them again. I saw some of your poems which Jean still keeps, Yorkey Calverley, and I must say some of them were pretty good, though I seem to have seen very similar lines somewhere else, haven't I, Yorkey?

Anyway, Yorkey, Jean and the rest of the household send you and the other boys their greetings, and before I left I promised I would call back and see them the next time I

am in Chatham. Who knows, I might meet a few more submariners next time, and you know what that would mean. Yes, another trip to the Prince of Wales.

To Tom King, Eddie Murray, Ray Owens, Ronnie Hill, Tommy Hewitt, Georgie Goatcher, Fred Flack and Frank Bell, I say, "thanks" for a grand evening, and here's to you fellows, I'll be seeing you.

MUST apologise to Sub-Lieut. D. Birrell of H.M. Submarine "Sibyl" on account of we just can't get any poker dice. They are quite unobtainable in London. If anyone does get a buzz about a dice supply we would be glad to hear. As it is, our scouts are out all day for them. Sorry, Sub-Lieut. Birrell.

Derek Heberton

Home Talk for C.P.O. John Foster



pleased to hear, and has gone back to work.

Herbert is now in Berkshire, and his wife is on her way from Canada. Mum is expecting her any day, and is looking forward to meeting her.

Your sisters Lily and Jessie and their families are fine. Agnes, in the Land Army, has moved to a private place in Bournemouth, and Harold and Edith are very well. They all send their love and best wishes.

Your grandma in London is always asking about you. She was in the heart of the blitz at one time, but is keeping fine.

That's all the news from No. 60, John. Everybody hopes you've completely recovered from your attack of malaria by now, and wishes you good luck.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

What's "Ink Spots," A.B. Ron Kent?

YOUR Mother and sister were hoping for your quick return when we called at 17, Pentire-road, Walthamstow, E.17, A.B. Ronnie Kent.

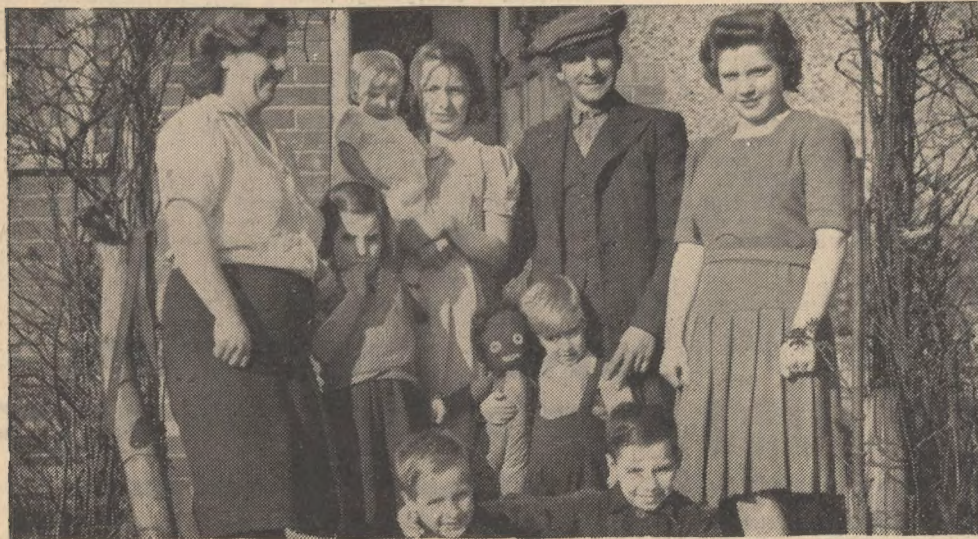
They were hoping that you still get an opportunity to play the piano occasionally, and if you do we presume you still favour swing.

Your Mother asked us to let you know that Reggie Martin

is now in India, and she hopes you may meet him some time.

"Why don't you request the Ink Spots?" Mother asks, which seems to be something of a private matter between you and her.

From your Mother and Father, and from Joyce, come best wishes for the future, and all three are hoping to see you soon.



Nine Pose for Sto. George Woods

SATURDAY was a lucky shot on our part to call at 46, Arnold Miller Road, Fakenham Estate, Norwich, for we found all the family at home. Also we found

your Mother and Father and the seven brothers and sisters all well, and that's something after the snow, frost and slush we've had lately. But Saturday was a grand sunny day which made Dad busy in the garden, and all the youngsters getting more or less in the way.

joined the Services since you were last home.

We asked Kath if she had anything to say. All she could think of was "Tell him I'm interested in Jenny Wren." You are supposed to know what she means.

Dad says he is saving up because, according to him, sailors always have a thirst. And Mother especially wants you to know they have an eye on a cockerel, and if you don't come home by the time the bird is ready, all you will get is the wishbone.

Young Gerald won't have this—he says you ought to have all the bird. Evidently you are a favourite of his.

Mother wants to see the photograph, so if you do get it, all the family want you to send it home.

(But, says the Editor, Mother will get a copy as soon as it's printed, and will see it before you do, George.)

MIXED COMPANY

LUTON'S Chief Constable told the Licensing Justices, "Nowadays one hears a great deal about the increasing use of licensed premises by women."

"If the habit is to continue after the war brewers and licensees must seriously consider the provision of facilities and accommodation to cater for mixed company."

"Licensed houses of the future must include spacious bars with sufficient tables and chairs, and, more important still, facilities for obtaining good meals in comfortable surroundings."

No doubt you can imagine the scene, George. Still, it's natural for small children to be noisily all over the place. Mother sends her love and hopes you are getting her air mails. All were pleased to get your letter on January 30. This you dated Jan. 19—quite good time.

Your pal Colin Swift is apparently following you, but his journey will take longer than an air mail. Of course, Dad's guess may be wrong, but he hopes you and Colin will meet.

The local football, swimming and gym are still going strong, but many of your friends have

My First Day

By Susan Christin,
R.N., V.A.D.

Hospital routine takes a bit of getting used to. Newcomers find the life tiring and the discipline needlessly severe. Here's what the "First Day" of a fledgeling V.A.D. is like.

I WAS awakened by the clanging of an insistent bell. I endeavored to dress and wash along with the 29 other girls in the same cabin.

After the Naval Grace, "for what we are about to receive..." we sat down to an ample breakfast of porridge, bacon and eggs. As I stood up to go a voice boomed out: "That nurse with the cap on backwards, come here!"

I looked round for the offending nurse among the masses there. Again the voice boomed. Then I realised the voice was referring to me.

I hadn't thought of being called "nurse" so early in the proceedings. With scarlet cheeks, I went up to the Commandant. My cap was turned round and put well down over my eyebrows. I had been made an example of in front of the whole mess on my first morning!

Later, I was to discover that "Madame" had a heart of gold, roars of laughter from all sides but was jealously proud of the Sister told me my mistake. appearance of all her V.A.D.s. I had been told to report to C Ward. A passing V.A.D. showed my embarrassed self.

me the way. She had the imposing "GI" badge on her bib. I knew this meant "Grade 1," and not "Government Issue," as some irrelevant sailors like to make out. Another voice yelled at me on my entry into the Ward and demanded how I dared enter the Ward in my cloak. Really, this was getting too much. I didn't come here to have my personal appearance criticised.

This time it was the Sister who realising I was still a land-lubber, told me to hang it up outside. In my flustered state, I entered a bathroom occupied by a wounded Sub. Lieut.!

Sister again came to the rescue and I got safely started on the usual Ward routine of washing lockers, baths and instruments. She then told me to do the "Heads."

Proudly remembering my nursing lectures I got a tray ready and was half-way down the Ward, debugging the patients' heads amidst much struggling on their part, when Sister gave a shriek and asked me what I thought I was doing.

"Well, you told me to do the Heads," I stammered. With the sort I mean. Well, this is a story about the inhabitants of Amble, tiny little boat-building village on Northumberland's east coast. About a hundred of 'em went

Food is one of the main interests with this job. We got back and were half-way in a convalescent sailors' day!

That afternoon, when we were through dinner when three off duty, they gave us T.A.B.T. Sisters came in and explained injections. These made me feel that we were in the wrong awful. We were then rushed over mess. Worse, we had eaten their to the dockyard, told to foot dinner. We slunk out. Hours later after being tenth in the bath queue and my arm by taken. I hate to think of the results. I fell into bed, dead to the world.

I thoroughly disgraced the Navy by being violently sick on our return by pinnacle. In vain did I explain to the old Petty Officer that it was due to the T.A.B.T.

As we returned to the Ward, we saw two stretcher cases being brought in. One of the men made the V sign with his only unbandaged finger and thumb, and the other whistled "Nursie, Nursie." I felt if these men had such guts, I certainly had enough to go on

It could only have been about a quarter-of-an-hour later when I was awakened by the Duty Officer. "I have been waiting for you to come in," she said. "Don't you read the notice boards? You must sign the book when you are in. Report to Madame in the morning."

By this time, however, nothing could daunt me. I was determined to stick it at all costs. No, "Report in the morning's" could frighten me now.

To-morrow was another day.

FISHERMEN'S CATCH

By Barney Bedford

YOU'VE all heard "fishermen's tales." You know the sort I mean.

Well, this is a story about the inhabitants of Amble, tiny little boat-building village on Northumberland's east coast. About a hundred of 'em went



fishing on the foreshore one morning and returned home with a catch worth millions of pounds.

They sure cast their nets on the right side, because when they pulled 'em up they were crammed to the top with banknotes of all denominations.

And what's more, not only the fishermen's nets, but the foreshore as well, was choc-a-bloc with MONEY.

Of course, there is one snag. Those banknotes were Chinese, but they were banknotes just the same.

I ran this story to earth when I yarned over a pint with 65-year-old Jimmy Campbell, veteran seadog and cox'n of the Bulmer lifeboat.

Jimmy's been a lifeboatman for nigh on forty-five years, and he's seen some rare sights, but this one beat the darned band, he told me.

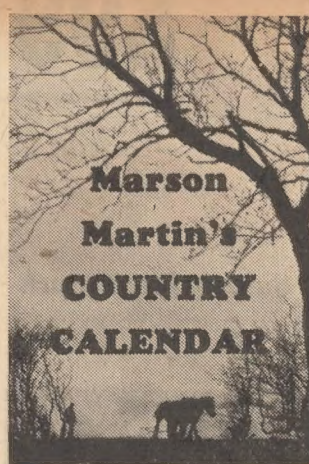
"It was the night of March 27th, 1941," Jimmy began. "I was sat in the kitchen with my missus when the telephone rang. 'Ship in trouble,' said the coastguard. I got my things on, and we soon had the lifeboat launched.

"We could see the ship, a 12,000-tonner, burning fiercely from stem to bridge. We did our best to get lines to her so that we could attempt a tow.

"The Holy Island and Sea-houses lifeboats had taken her crew off, and after a lot of hard work we secured a line. Then she blew up. That's about all."

But there must have been more than that, because Jimmy got the Bronze Medal of the Lifeboat Society for his work that night. Jimmy wouldn't say any more than that, but I learned elsewhere.

"The ship was the 'Somali,' a pal told me. 'She had been attacked by a German plane late in the day. When the people of Amble woke up in the morning they found they had become millionaires overnight. Fishermen were coming in with strange catches, and the beach was strewn with her cargo. It must have been washed ashore after she blew up.



Marson
Martin's
COUNTRY
CALENDAR

THERE comes a morning in early Spring each year when I find myself in the garden, leaning on a spade, with an overwhelming sensation that it's all happened before.

Everything around me is the same. The vegetable patch which I am about to attack with

the spade looks exactly as it did on a certain bright morning twelve months ago.

The soil under my boots is soft, but not spongy, for the frost has been out of it now for almost a week. In the green sand belt where I live, the winds of March quickly dry out the ground and the soil revives like a half-drowned person starting to stir under the steady and rhythmic pressure of artificial respiration.

THE sky, I swear, is the exact shade of washed-out blue this morning as it was this day a year ago. The weeds are the same. The six long rows of raspberry canes on their stretched wire frames are as buried in with ground ivy as ever, in spite of the long hours spent last year in forking them through and grubbing out the trailing roots by hand.

The daffodils on the banks have produced their dark green spatulate leaves to exactly the height they had reached on this particular morning last year.

I start to search for the first daffodil buds and fail to find a single one. Which is just as it should be. There were none when I searched last year; and had I found one now the spell would have been broken.

I HAVE always held the view that a gardener does his most useful work sitting on the handle of his spade (used in the manner of a shooting stick) and just thinking. It is while engaged in this occupation that my really important decisions are always taken.

Shall I knock down that old apple tree that hasn't borne enough apples to make one decent pie for three years now? It would undoubtedly let in the light on a very useful corner where I could put the marrows and squashes and, probably the ridge cucumbers as well. And then I get to thinking about how long that tree has been there, and I waver. Not from sentimental reasons, you'll understand, but because I know how far its roots must go down and what a tussle I will have with mattock and axe before I've got them all out.

THEN there's the little matter of pea boughs, a recurring problem. Which strip of hedge shall I cut them from this year. From where I am sitting I can see the twenty yard run of hazel which I cut back last year. It has sprouted long, pale green, springy canes.

Was that the click of the gate? I listen hard. Slow footsteps are coming from the direction of the barn. A cloth cap appears. Yes, it's old Bill come up to see what's to do. Another gardening season has opened.

NEVER MIND THE PIPS— THE DENTIST CAN FIX YOU

Reports Patrick Spencer

IT is a long time since we had the anti-magnetism of "opposite poles," but would fulfil the many requirements of dental surgery.

He found it after rather more than 400 experiments, which involved a like number of variations of the Alnico formula.

All that remained was to translate his brainwave into a practical dental form. As most people know, the opposite of magnets are anti-magnets, which exert a repulsive force.

Dr. Freedman's application of this principle was to incorporate into upper and lower dental plates pairs of opposing magnets, so that when the plates are in position in the mouth of their owner they exert just sufficient repulsion for each plate to keep the other firmly attached to the gums.

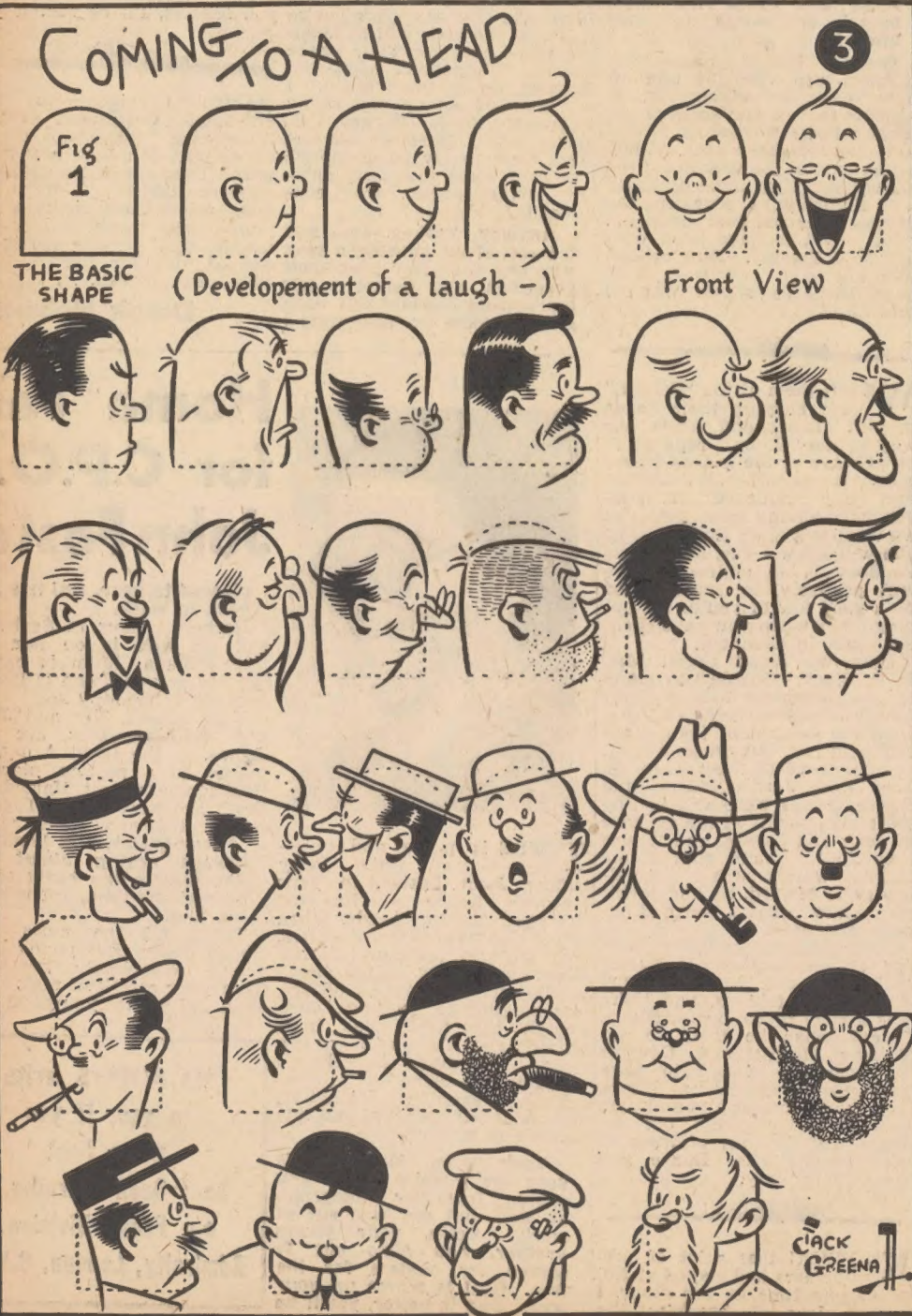
Dr. Freedman's idea has now been put into actual practice, and is now likely to come into widespread use.

So if you can lay your hands on a dentist willing to incorporate the magnets in your plates you'll be able to roll up your sleeves and pile into a dish of raspberries or figs without a pang—and to hell with the pips!

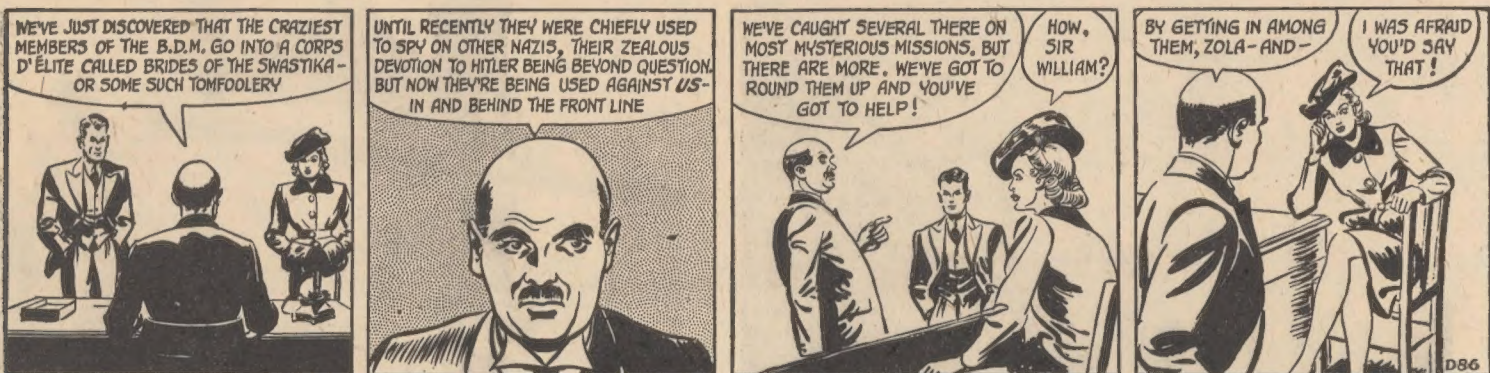
He found it in the properties of a fascinating new alloy known as Alnico, which has extraordinary magnetic powers.

Taking Alnico as his basic material, Dr. Freedman went to work to sort out a variation which would not only retain

DRAW WITH JACK GREENALL.—We have a plate of heads; all are based on the shape marked Fig. 1. Notice how some heads "break" the basic shape by the addition of a long chin or move in from the basic shape by a receding chin or thin neck. Note, the basic shape is shown on all heads by the dotted line. Start to draw all heads by drawing this basic shape first; this is your guiding line, your foundation. Before you draw these, trace over a few first to get the "feel" of them. Then, using the knowledge gained from the plate, create new heads of your own.



BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J. S. Newcombe—

THE subject of war-time controls has come to a head in the English philatelic press, following the prosecution at Luton (reported in this column last week) of a London stamp dealer for handling unused American stamps brought over to this country by an American flying officer.

Be it noted (says "Stamp Collecting") that these were not stamps issued by an enemy or enemy controlled country, but one of our greatest Allies in the present struggle. Nevertheless, it is illegal for a British citizen to possess, much less deal in, such forbidden fruit. Members of the United States Forces are, however, under no such restriction, and it is safe to say that in almost any hostelry frequented by Yanks it is possible to acquire one or more sets of "Flags" for the price of a drink.

The money passes back over the counter and does not leave the country—who, then, is the loser? Under the Import and Export Regulations this applies equally to all stamps issued since 1939 by the United States, Liberia, certain South and Central American countries, and elsewhere outside the so-called "Sterling area." In these circumstances there must indeed be many philatelic breakers of laws!

Surely the time has come when, through their representatives, the British Philatelic Association, stamp dealers and collectors are entitled to a full and plain statement of what is and what is not permitted, and to precisely what pains and penalties they are liable if they overstep the mark?



"Gibbons Stamp Monthly" has made confusion worse confounded by reporting still another restriction—though nothing has been said about this at official quarters: it was left to a house-organ to discover the new ruling and announce it to the public.

Collectors and dealers who have had occasion recently to send stamps to officers or men serving in the British Liberation Army or the Central Mediterranean Force, through the Stamp Export and Import Control (says an editorial), may have been surprised to receive a note from the Control (which, be it remembered, simply carries out the instructions it receives from the Government departments for which it acts) returning the stamps and saying that the export of them cannot be permitted.

No official explanation of such refusal is yet forthcoming, but members of the stamp trade know very well that a certain number of officers and men in the B.L.A. have been trying to cash in on the high prices paid for stamps in France, Belgium and Holland by taking out, or having sent to them, issues which are readily saleable at good premium over the home price; and if there is a complete ban on stamp exports to members of the B.L.A. and C.M.F., it is probably due to an attempt to stop these "commercial" exports, which infringe a number of war-time regulations.

What we are concerned about is the prospect that genuine collectors in the Forces may be cut off from one of the few pleasures they can get while on active service, by the operation of regulations which are not intended to hit them, and which have not hitherto been enforced against them, and the enforcement of which, under present conditions, will hit these genuine collectors far more often than it will hinder purely money-making exports.

Therefore, while a ban by the Control on stamp exports to our men in the B.L.A. and C.M.F. may, here and there, put a temporary stop to the activities of one of the get-rich-quick merchants (and only a temporary stop, for, as soon as he realises that the Control is shutting down on him, he will find clandestine channels for his operations), it entirely prevents the legitimate collector in those armies from enjoying his hobby.

We say, with all the force at our command, that this must not be.

Either the law is to become a dead letter, except in so far as the strictly law-abiding section of the stamp trade is concerned—and it is detrimental to any community that the law should be openly and continuously flouted—or else the matter will have to be fairly and squarely faced and the embargo on exports and imports to and from the Continent lifted entirely.

Illustrated here are two German charities in commemoration of "Heroes' Day," depicting various aspects of war effort

Good Morning



Every submariner knows that it's the "Prince of Wales," in Chatham. This is the boozier for the best pints, this is where they keep their pipes clean, and this is where you meet Vera and Mary. Here you see the submariners, the pints, and the back of Vera's left ear all in one picture.

CHATHAM

And when it's not the "Prince of Wales," it's the "Ace." There comes a time in any man's life when a snack is the next most important thing in the world to a pint. And for a real good snack in Chatham, one goes to the "Ace." Nice class of long-haired chum one meets in the "Ace," it seems to us.



When only legs and lingerie will fill the bill, it's the "Royal" for all submariners on the loose in Chatham. Some pretty nifty shows reach the "Royal."



Officially known as the Town Hall, Chatham, this is the spot submariners keep bumping into on rough nights. Whether it's the mariners that go round and round or the Town Hall has never been properly established.



There's no such thing as bad beer, we know, but some nights the beer at the "Red Lion" seems to taste better than the beer at "The Prince." Or is it just that a walk between drinks is good for one?



When submariners want a quiet hundred up or a bed for the night they gravitate towards the Royal Sailors' Home. They are always assured of a hearty welcome from Ex-Paymaster Lieut.-Comdr. Howell.



No.26 The Paddock is the place where "Chiefie," Mrs. R. E. Black, ministers to the wants of a family of submariners, ably assisted by Jean and Jackie. Warning to Darky Didsbury: the gals are locking up the spare slops next time you're around.